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FLYER

No. 32 S. F. T. S.
Sask., Canada

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ON ANOTHER page in this issue one of our poets remarks that "the festive season now is o'er," and none can argue with that. But, is it forgotten? Those whose first Christmas it was on Canadian soil will surely remember it if only for the abundance of every good thing compared with, say, last Christmas in the middle of the ocean, or in battle-scarred Britain. And those who spent the holiday last year as members of No. 32 will agree that, as far as their individual enjoyment was concerned, arrangements were better, and the atmosphere happier.

A vote of thanks is due to those who, by dint of much hard work and obvious careful thought, were responsible for the Children's Party and the Christmas and New Year's Dinners on the camp.

It would, however, be a man's own fault if his enjoyment did not reach beyond the bounds of the camp. Once again, and it might be said, as usual, the citizens of Moose Jaw went out of their way to ensure that not one member of this Station's personnel need feel lonely. It is a fact that more invitations to airmen for Christmas Dinner were received than it was possible to fill.

This is truly remarkable when one considers firstly that British airmen in Moose Jaw are no longer a novelty, and secondly, that the number of men (when one includes our colleagues at Caron) was double what it was the previous year.

How much the airmen's conduct during the past year can be held responsible for this continued interest cannot be assessed, but whatever the reason, there is no doubt that we are lucky indeed to be situated so near to "The Friendly City."

To everyone who contributed to our enjoyment, no matter what the measure, we offer our sincere and grateful thanks. We shall not forget.

E. C.

Words of Wisdom

"We are sure that in the end all will be well."

WINSTON CHURCHILL, 17-6-40.

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OVER STATION

CHAB

The Padre's Page

THE message given to us all by our King on Christmas Day was one of confidence and hope. He laid emphasis on the fact that confidence must not be primarily in ourselves, but in God, who is our strength and hope, a very present help at all times. This has been the conviction of almost all great leaders through the centuries, and is still so today. Think of that great Christian leader from China, Chiang Kai-Shek. I cannot do better than quote, from a magazine issued by the Officers' Christian Union, "He had withdrawn to Chungking and set up the seat of his Government in that small and unimportant town situated in the back of China's beyond. Meanwhile the world was waiting to hear. Everywhere people were asking: 'What is China going to do? Is she going to surrender?'" In order to answer this question a party of journalists got together, representing the leading newspapers of the world, and about a fortnight after the fall of Hankow these newspaper men reached Chungking to interview Chiang Kai-Shek and find out from the Generalissimo himself what his intentions were. He met them, and answered their many questions frankly and fully. As they left his presence, one of these men (and remember, a war correspondent is usually a fairly tough, hard-bitten specimen of humanity) turned to the other and said: 'Well, I am amazed! I expected to find a man who was utterly defeated, but I can truthfully say that I have never been in the presence of anyone who radiated such complete confidence as Chiang Kai-Shek.' He paused for a moment and then he added these words: 'You fellows know me and you know that I do not pretend to be a Christian; but I am quite convinced of this, that it is Chiang Kai-Shek's Christianity which gives him confidence.'"

Passing from China to India, we recall that Lord Halifax (then Lord Irwin) landed as Viceroy on Good Friday. To the astonishment and embarrassment of all, he insisted on going straight to church to observe Good Friday in the way to which he was accustomed, instead of going through with the timetable, including a parade of much ceremonial, arranged in his honour. The native Indian loves pageantry, but he is also very religious, and appreciated more than anything else the new Viceroy's insistence on carrying out his religious duties. By this first action of his on Indian soil as Viceroy, he won the respect of millions.

Still in India, here is an extract from Lord Willingdon's speech before he left: "Probably you young men and women do not believe much in prayer—you have tried it and got no answer, and have given it up because you felt it did not work. But as a veteran I want to tell you, and I am not ashamed to say it, that if I had not said my prayers night and morning for many years now, if I had not prayed to Providence every day to guide me in my work, and in some very difficult situations in which I have found myself, I should never have been able to live the comparatively useful life, if I may say so, that I have done."

From India to England, the England of the Civil Wars, the England which witnessed the desecration of much fine ecclesiastical architecture and many beautiful windows and paintings. "In the year 1653, when all things sacred were throughout ye nation either demolished or profaned, Sir Robert Shirley, Baronet, builded this church; whose singular praise it was to have done the best things in the worst times and to have hoped them in the most calamitous." So reads an inscription on the cornerstone of a church in Leicestershire, and its injunctions might well have been uttered today. But we are urged to do the best things in the worst times by those who are alive in these times. The Prime Minister of Britain has recently done that twice, in Washington and in Ottawa, whilst this side of the Atlantic.

And, returning to the speech of our King, we are bidden to go forward with good heart. "Lift up your hearts with thankfulness for deliverance from dangers in the past," he said. "Lift up your hearts in confident hope that strength will be given us to overcome whatever perils may lie ahead until victory is won. If skies before us are still dark and threatening, there are stars to guide us on our way. Never did heroism shine more brightly than it does now, nor fortitude, nor sacrifice, nor sympathy, nor neighbourly kindness. And with them, the brightest of all stars is our faith in God. These stars will follow with His help until the light shall shine and darkness shall collapse."

DONALD A. FOSTER.

Things We Want to Know . . .

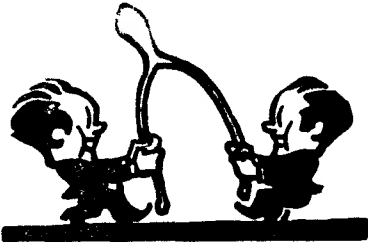
What exactly did a juvenile guest at the Children's Party say to a certain W.O.?

What is the name of the Pupil in "D" Hut who is referred to by his blonde lady friend in Moose Jaw as "Baby-face"?

Why did a Senior N.C.O. assert that he wished to be with his "boys" on Christmas Day?

Is it true that the new Blue recently arrived has already been labelled?

Are the patrons of the Moose Jaw Arena Rink still looking for the new star player, "Ma-tosk"?



Did anybody complain because the Mincer was Out of Bounds on Christmas Day?

Is it true that after the war "Timber" is going to give up his medical career and take up acting for a living?

How many airmen heeded the Senior Accountant Officer's warning to "go easy" with their pay?

What is the name of the officer who was seen in the Grant Hall Hotel on Boxing Day carrying a box covered with

a blanket? Was he going to free his homing pigeons?

Who wished the Y.M.C.A. "Officer" "Many Happy Returns" instead of "A Happy New Year"?

Did that Ginger-headed boy's girl call in at the Orderly Room for a Clearance Certificate and Furlough Warrant before doing a "bunk"?

Did Ginger have a shower before she left, and has she decided to stay away until he gets back to normal?

Who taught a certain Flight Commander how to conduct Community Singing?

Where did a Senior Officer find the monocle eventually?

Has the airman in No. 2 Hangar saved sufficient Sports Subscriptions yet to purchase that new suit of Blue?

Whether clothes pegs could be put up in the Drill Hall?

If the airman who sat on a piece of toast in a cafe in Moose Jaw last week was endeavouring to keep the toast warm, or was he as cold as his name and trying to keep himself warm?

What is the name of the Senior N.C.O. who "invited" his night shift to a "friendly" tête-a-tête on New Year's Eve?

Was it Jack Frost or "Hungry Wolves" who bit a certain Senior N.C.O.'s ears?

What is the name of the LAC who, so disgusted with his reflection in a mirror, "knocked the stuffing out of it"?

Did the Crash Party come back with an "Old Wives" Tale?

If the guilty one returns the S.W.O.'s gym shoes, will he be "laced"?

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CLIFF ROBB

BOB HINDS

The Rookie Ruminates

The sergeant doesn't like my face,
E's told me so quite plainly;
The corporal says my 'abits
Are disgustin' an' ungainly.
I'm a reg'lar ugly ducklin' an' as
Useless as can be,
Yet—all the blinkin' papers say
 "It all depends on me."

The sergeant-major looks at me,
And then turns faintly pink.
The lance-jack asks, despairin',
"Don't you NEVER learn to think?"
They treat me like an orphan child
Who can't say ABC,
An' yet they keep insistin' that
 "It all depends on me."

They tell me that I've two left feet,
An' ask me "Where's your chest?"
They holler at me night and day,
I never get no rest.
An' when they've been an' broke my
'eart with brutal repartee,
They calmly ups and tells me that
 "It all depends on me."

Well, of course, it's very flatterin'
To know that I'm so vital,
An' I'm quite prepared to suffer
To defend the Empire title.
But you *can* 'ave too much glory, an'
I'm willing to admit
That I wish they'd find some other
Chap to 'elp 'em out a bit.

With acknowledgements to RAB RAWE
and the Glasgow "Sunday Post".

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Life in the Sickery

We were very pleased that nobody came to stay with us over the Xmas Break. It was a very quiet time in the Sickery, but on Monday, the 29th, at approximately 08.15 hours a "Tidal Wave of Humanity" descended upon our "Quackery". We were terribly alarmed at first, but upon investigation found it was only the Sick Parade, so everything was serene once more. Poor souls, they looked very dejected and woebegone after their Xmas Cheer, but after a few words with the M.O., all but two of them went away happily. We felt we could not let all of them desert us after having spent four days with an empty hospital, and after all we don't want the Padre to be compelled to go on the "Dole". However, the two customers who stayed behind are now out and about again.

We would inform the LAC who visited us last winter with "lumbago" that we have now had his bed reserved for three weeks, and sincerely hope he is not going to let us down.

We hear (very confidential "gen" this) that Dr. Turner is going to give a demonstration of Aerobatics with his Magic Carpet very soon.

The rumour that "Amie" is a Gestapo Agent is entirely untrue, and the huge parcels he guards so carefully on the Moose Jaw Express are not BOMBS but his rations.

We have a new Doctor at No. 32 now, his name is Dr. U. B. Well. He had a busy time on Xmas night, but since then has not been seen with his "Bag of Office." If anyone knows of his hide-out, please communicate with the Sickery, where he is urgently required; we want the "dope" on those green pills of his which worked such miracles at the party.

We would like to thank all the organizations that sent sick visitors to our patients almost every day during the year. They are appreciated very much, and the magazines and fruit and other gifts which they always bring have done much to cheer the sick. A Happy New Year to all of them, and many thanks.

To our Senior and Junior Medical Officers we wish A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year — may their needles never rust!

Any airman wishing to interview the S.W.O. between 9 and 9.30 each morning will find him, not in his office, but under the "Magic Lamp".

It has been said that patients tremble in their beds when they hear the stately pompous tread of Matron Barlow in the corridors; but really, chaps, the Matron is a kindly old soul, although imbued with the highest sense of matronly dignity.

Our Alf seems to spend a lot of his time at some secret retreat in Moose Jaw these days. "Stout" fellow!

Our F/Sgt. had a terrible fright a short while ago—it was just before the Revue. A weird figure in Eastern Dress appeared from the Ward one afternoon. However, when he discovered it was only "Timber" all was well once more.

While we are on the subject of Eastern costumes we want to ask Sgt. Knight what was the name he gave to the "Bags", and why Scotty laughed so loudly?

Where does all the Peroxide disappear? We wonder if Reginald knows anything about it?

Our Marcelle had a very social Xmas in Moose Jaw, along with Norman. We hear he's getting a pair of ear flaps fitted to his Trilby by Station Workshops.

Anderson does not get a weekly supply of laughing gas from us, at least not to our knowledge.

We want to extend the season's greetings to the Doctors in the city and to the Hospital Staffs, and all Medical people with whom the Sickery has come into contact during 1941.

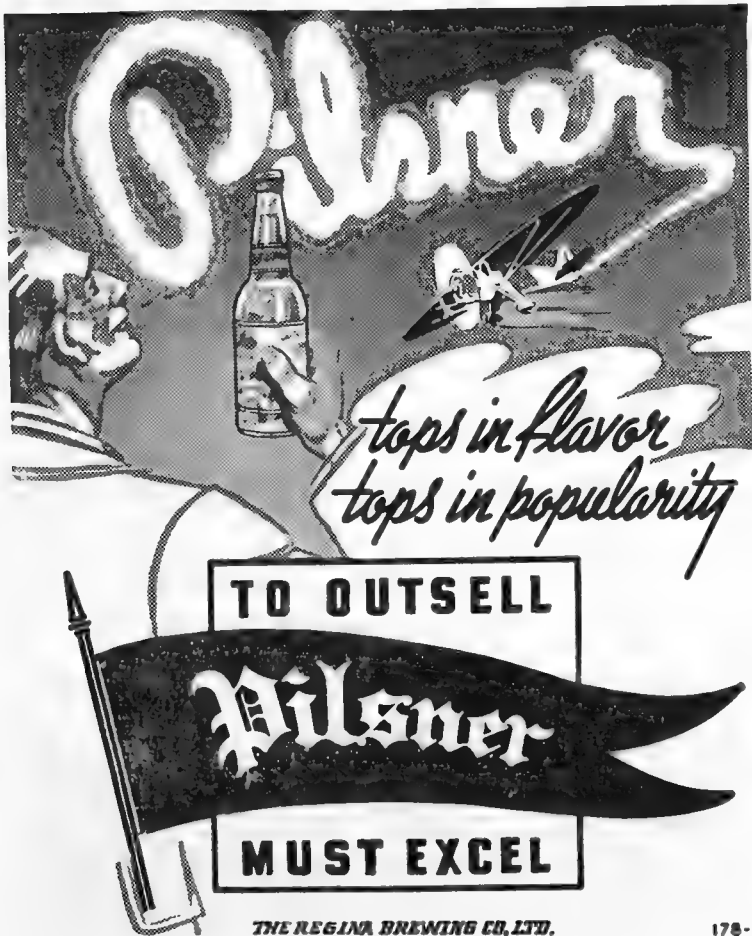
And now, as we start the New Year, we hope to see the familiar faces of our old friends, many of whom have been with us constantly, even in England. The Sickery would not be the same without the "Old Contemptibles". Don't desert us, fellows, we need your support.

—*—

Mahoney: "Me father was indade a smart man; he knew the day, the hour and the minute he was going to die."

Mulligan: "Begorra, an' how did he know that?"

Mahoney: "The judge told him."



A vintage advertisement for Pilsner beer. The top half features a large, stylized, glowing 'Pilsner' in a cursive font. Below it, a man in a suit is shown in profile, holding a bottle of beer. To his right, a biplane is flying. Below the man, the text 'tops in flavor' and 'tops in popularity' is written in a cursive script. In the center, a rectangular box contains the text 'TO OUTSELL'. Below this, a dark banner with a ribbon-like border contains the word 'Pilsner' in a bold, gothic-style font. Below the banner, another rectangular box contains the text 'MUST EXCEL'. At the bottom, a quill pen is shown. The entire advertisement is set against a dark, textured background.

Pilsner

tops in flavor
tops in popularity

TO OUTSELL

Pilsner

MUST EXCEL

THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.

BITS and PIECES

DEFINITIONS—*Beauty Parlour*: A place where beauties are skinned deep.

Leap Year: The year in which women are allowed to leap at men. You can always tell when leap year is coming, because instead of it being the same day next year tomorrow it is the day after tomorrow last year.

Committee: A crowd of people who, individually, can do nothing, and who, collectively, decide that nothing can be done.

—*—

Heard at Temple Gardens

Erk: "That was a lovely dance—I shall always remember it!"

Li'l Gal: "Oh, I see! Elephants never forget?"

—*—

Two coloured gentlemen, who had just reduced the population of a farmer's hen-roost, were making a getaway.

"Lawks, Mose," gasped Sam, "why d'you s'pose them flies is follerin' us so close?"

"Keep gallopin', nigger," was the reply, "them ain't flies—they's buckshot!"

—*—

"Youth will be served," is the latest cry. Our own private cynic says that is all very well, but the point is—it is always carried out afterwards!

—*—

THIS MONTH'S HOWLERS.

A spinster is the wife of a bachelor.

Gender is the system by which you tell what a person is. There are three genders: masculine (which is man), feminine (which is woman) and neuter (which is corpse).

Recruiting Sergeant: And when you were a plumber, were you ever in the habit of forgetting your tools?

Recruit: I really don't remember!

—*—

Connecticut Road Sign — Drive Like Hell—And You'll Get There!

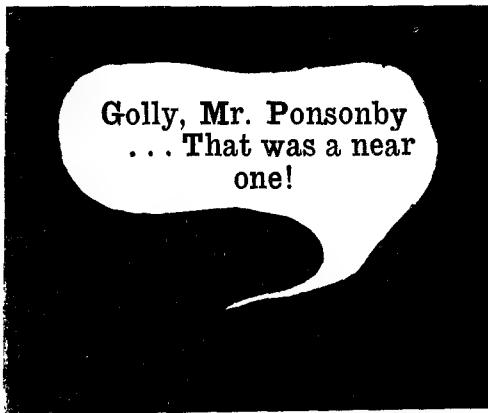
—*—

Mr. Ponsonby wants to know why it is that the sap in the rubber tree can be turned into dozens of useful commodities, whereas the sap in the family tree is usually a useless adornment?

—*—

Have you heard the following true story? A certain Field Marshal, living about sixty miles out of London, was summoned to the War Office for a conference. A car, driven by a young, attractive chauffeuse, was sent to fetch him.

Half way to London, while they were crossing some wild heath country, the young girl turned round, blushing, and rather haltingly, said, "Excuse me, Sir, but would you mind very much if we stopped for a moment?" The gruff old man took a look at her and growled, "No, M'dear, — quite understand — daughters of my own y'know." So the car was stopped and the girl disappeared into the heath country. After a due interval, she returned hurriedly and, still blushing, opened the door of the car, jumped in, slammed the door and drove off, hell for leather. Arriving at the War Office, she pulled up, turned round in her seat, and discovered, to her horror, that there was no Field Marshal!



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

PENANG, which recently fell into enemy hands, is an island somewhat smaller than Singapore, oblong in shape and situated at almost the other end of Malaya from Singapore, to which it is united by a single railway and a single road down the west side of the peninsula, although much of the way, admittedly, there is a tortuous coastal road in poor condition which repeatedly joins the main road.

I have driven over this main road, which, in succession, passes through long stretches of tiger jungle, palm groves, sea shore, padi (rice) fields, mountainous scenery, rubber plantations and tin mines. Two native ferries have to be crossed on the way.

There are a number of side roads to west coast ports, to plantations, and to the two hill stations where one can obtain some relief from the temperature and humidity. In the whole length of Malaya there are only two roads stretching from this main road to the East coast—to Mersing, a small summer resort, and to Kuantan. At all other points the East coast is shut off by mountains, jungles, mangrove swamps, and shallow, muddy, crocodile-infested rivers.

There are many points of interest on the way—among them is the old Portuguese Fort at Malacca (complete with the ghost of a nun); the small port and resort of Port Dickson; the Batu Caves; the Chinese cave dwellings and cave temple outside Ipoh; the towns of Malacca, Seremban, Kuala Lumpur and Ipoh, and the curious rock formations at Ipoh which stick up vertically for hundreds of feet in straight lines out of a level plain, for all the world like sentries on guard.

Unlike Singapore, the whole of Penang is mountainous and very much more beautiful. While the general view of Singapore is white, with a green background, Georgetown, the capital of the island (but more often called just "Penang") gives the impression of warm red and green. Singapore, in spite of its large Chinese population, gives the impression of a very modern European city (with tropical modifications), while Penang, in spite of its modern hotels, shops, roads and cars, is distinctly Oriental. Again, unlike Singapore Is-

land, Penang is not joined to the mainland by a causeway—it is reached by ferry.

The population of Georgetown is mainly Chinese, but the true Malay is much in evidence.

The island has a roadway built all round which is famous for its scenic beauty, while immediately behind Georgetown rises Penang Hill, the top of which, although only 2,000 feet, has a very pleasant climate, a large hotel, and the bungalows of many of the wealthier business men of Georgetown. The view from Penang Hill over Georgetown, the harbour, the narrow straits, the nearer fields and distant jungle, backed by the towering jungle-covered mountains which

form the backbone of Malaya, is one of the seven "Beauties" of the World.

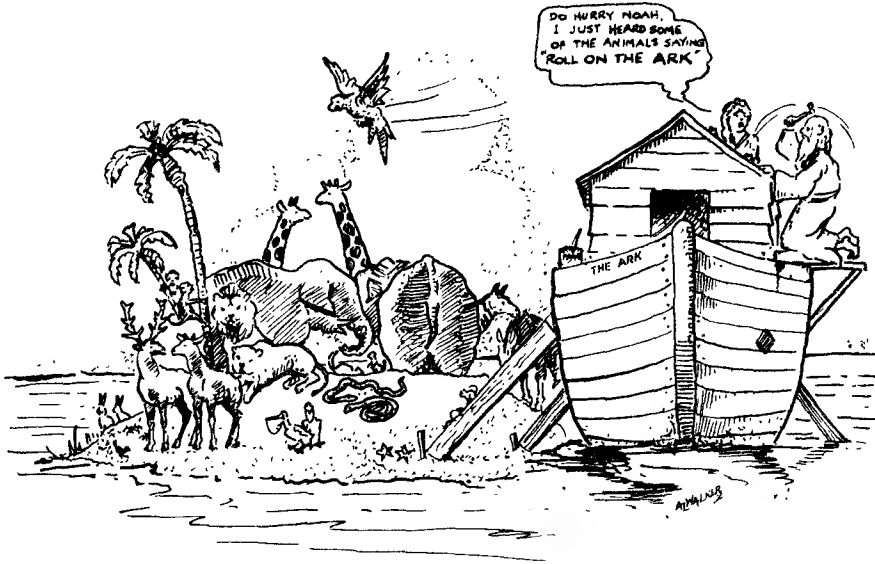
There is no road to Penang Hill. The only means of reaching it, apart from a steep and narrow footpath, is a mountain railway with a gradient of 1.9 in 1.

Going to Penang, twenty miles beyond Johore Bharu, the capital of Johore, we turned off the road to explore the coast road. Some seven miles along this road the car had an electrical breakdown, a contact failure I was unable to locate. Fortunately, a Chinese lorry of great age passed in the opposite direction, and I jumped a lift back to the village at the road junction to obtain a mechanic. No sooner had I left than it dawned on me that I had left my wife alone in an open touring car in the middle of tiger jungle.

Simultaneously it dawned on her, and probably, the *amah* (servant) too. But as there was nothing she could do about it—we carried no firearms—and she was determined not to show fear in front of a native servant, she curled up on the front seat, hoping that by switching on the lights, and using the dim and dipper at the same time, together with the hooter and electric horn, she would be able to scare away anything in case of need.

At that moment, a saloon car overtook them and stopped, and out got an irate planter, who, in a very broad Scottish accent, remarked, "My good lady, this is no place to take a *siesta*. Are you aware

The ROAD to PENANG



THE ROAD TO PENANG

• Continued

that within a quarter of a mile an infuriated mother tiger is looking for her cubs which we removed from her lair this morning?" When it was explained that she was there because the car wouldn't move, he set his Malay *sais* (chauffeur) to check over the car. The Malays are extraordinarily good mechanics, and by the time I had returned, he had traced and repaired the faulty contact—with a matchstick! And did I get a rating from the planter!

On our return from Penang we were trying to do a good 300 miles as we had booked half a bungalow at Port Dickson, overlooking the sea, for the last part of our leave. We had overstayed a day at Penang. In the humid heat of Malaya it is exhausting to drive more than 150 to 200 miles a day.

Ten miles past Ipoh we ran into a tropical rainstorm. Their intensity has to be seen to be believed. I stopped the car to slip our macs on—to put up the sidescreens takes too long, and one is soaked through in the process. To my surprise clouds of steam arose from the engine. On examination I found that the rubber water jacket joint had burst.

Filling up by bucket from a native forestry patrol hut alongside, we crawled back to Ipoh, only a hundred miles on our way.

Duly repaired, we set off next day. The engine troubled us all the time by being unduly hot, and we decided that the radiator was half choked with sediment, sand and silt. A bright idea struck us. Stopping at a native village we purchased two pounds of ordinary washing soda, emptying half into the radiator. At another village, 20 miles on, we emptied the radiator, removing a truly remarkable collection of dirt, rust, etc. Refilled with fresh water and the second pound of soda, we set off. A couple of miles from the village, a fountain, then a second and a third shot up in front of the car. The removal of the dirt and rust had exposed three points at the bottom of the radiator where the rust had eaten right through.

We stopped at the next village, plugged it with soap, stamp paper, wax and all sorts. Though we reduced the fountain we could not stop the leak, and as there was no repair garage and 250 miles to go to our destination, we obtained an empty whisky bottle, two gin bottles, several mineral water bottles, and filling all

• Continued on Next Page

THE ROAD TO PENANG

• *Continued*

of these and both thermos flasks and the radiator, we set off to complete the journey. Every five miles we stopped and refilled the radiator; every twenty-five miles we refilled the bottles, at shops, at native villages, at little native huts in the wilds, rest-houses, brooks, streams and ponds, and even, late at night and much to the occupants' surprise, from the buckets of a fire station.

In short hops and countless stops, we made it. It took all day and far into the night. In the dark the *amah* was terrified, and I must admit that stopping and getting out of the car in the pitch dark in the middle of deep tiger jungle, with snakes, black puma and other assorted "pleasures", was by no means a comfortable sensation.

We arrived at our bungalow at 2 a.m. to find the Chinese servants still waiting up for us, with dinner still waiting to be served, and, an amazing but invariable Chinese feat, still quite unspoiled. Cooling off on our verandah, we debated between a bath or a bathe in the sea. Though late, either would help us to sleep better. At that moment came the climax of the day. Our neighbor in the other half of the bungalow came up from the shore, and as he passed, called out to us not to bathe in the sea as a crocodile had been seen in the bay.

That crocodile spoiled everybody's bathing for five days. Many people had seen it—the knob on its snout, the round protruding knob of its eye. Rumour enlarged, and one lady was reported to

have seen it come ashore and open its jaws invitingly at her. The Volunteers were in camp at Port Dickson, and at night patrols of three or four scoured the beaches for miles around with loaded rifles. A white goat, a good smelly one, was tethered at the water's edge for bait while a party of riflemen lined the undergrowth along the shore. Finally, a native witch doctor, reputedly good at baiting and catching "crocs", was brought from many miles away to rid the holiday resort of the menace which was spoiling all the fun.

That day, the fourth, a few of us risked a bathe, never more than waist-deep, and while I was in I suddenly saw my wife and others beating all records for the 100 yards in my direction. I knew the meaning and beat them to the shore.

The fifth day, some native fishermen were out. They have a peculiar style. Two men stand on shore holding one end of a net about five feet high and 100 yards long, while a small boat tows the other end straight out to sea. Then they turn off to one side and paddle in a semi-circle towards the shore. As the semi-circle closed and the net started to draw in there was great excitement—the snout and eyes of our unwelcome visitor were seen to be within the trap. But when it was landed it was found to be nothing but a sea-turtle, which, unbalanced by a wave, had periodically turned on its side, exposing the tips of two stubby legs like knobs. But, oh, boy! was real turtle soup, from fresh turtle, good—and the bathing after that!

V.M.

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Mi Wurd

Ain't it a good job Xmas onely cums wunce a year? It doan't seem a holliday really, cos wot with bying presents and oping yew'll get a good wun back, opening bottels and cracking nuts with yore teeth to show the gels how strong yew are, yew doant seem to get no rest at awl. Besides if yew wer an Offiser ow wood yew like to have to wate on a croud of erks more than wunce a year, eh? Then think of the pore blokes as serves in the Y.M.C.A., with us having 2 paydays in a fortnite. It must have bean a strane for them. I saw wun chap serving with desperashun dripping from his eyebrowse, althow of corse, it mite have bean frost, as I coodn't see distinkly from mi plaice in the back of the kew. I felt so sorry for them I thort of asking the Powers-that-be if they cood get a chainge-giving mashine instawled. It wood be much better than more hands as there wos frekwently more than one pare of hands in a box of chocolate at wun time as it wos.

Never mined, Xmas does a lot of good, so thay say, and not onely for the children. Wun thing it has prooved is ow easy it is to be mistaken, for instanse, orl yew chaps as sed our cooks carnt cook must feel very sorry yew made such libellus remarks arfter seeing the way the Xmas and New Year's Dinners wer cooked. In future, if yew must make remarks about the cooks, yew will have to say thay woant cook, not carnt.

The New Year's Dinner was very much appreciated by orl, butt it is to be hoped that neckst time we have a do like that, we shall have a programm and gide, or mapp of the camp, as well as a me-an-u, becos several airmen got so mikst up in the warking rownd and

rownd bizness that 1 or 2 took the rong terning and fownd themselves in the Drill Hall, and a few fownd wen thay sat down to dinner thay was sitting in Smoky Joe's.

By the way, I have not yett seen a list as to how thay distributed the uge sum subscribed by the airmen on beharf of the cooks, or wos this onely a dream arfter a cheese supper.

Thay tell me that the Stashun Pleece tried to make the cooler more omely by putting a pack of payshence cards in each "State-room", and even went to the eckstent of trying to borrow summ miseltow from the Transpawt Seckshun.

It is rumered that the instruments of of the Brass Banned ave orl got to be straitened owt and retuned owing to the efforts of bannedsmen struggling to kepe in time and tune with the dansers feet at the senior N.C.O.'s do at New Year's. I beleeve the Danse Banned is in the same posishun since putting the arf-nelson on "Orfelus of the Underground" at the Stashun Consert. Torking about conserts, I am sure we orl appreciated the way the offisers came out of there hard shells and contributed to the uge success of the camp consert, and evry-wun is lukiing forward to anuther wun as it prooves ow successful events can be with there co-operashun, and that thay ain't as bad at art as summ permanent "janker-wallahs" wood ave us imajin.

In conclushun, I ope as orl ower folks at home had as Happy, if not as Plentiful a Xmas as we enjoyed here, and am sure evrywun of us wished them Happiness, Safety and Good Health.

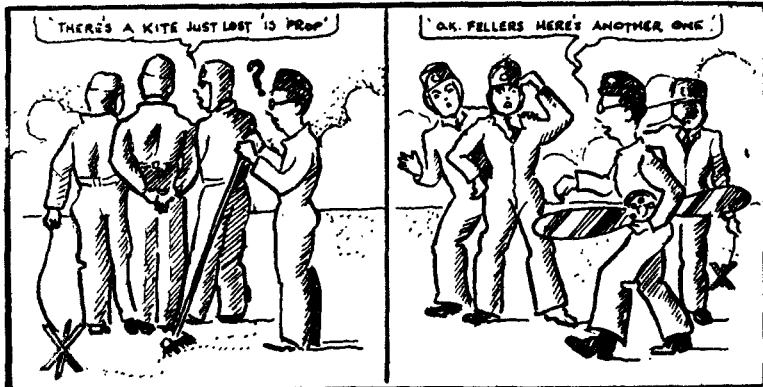
Well, days doant arf go kwick. If uther days went arf as kwick we shood ave bean dew for The Boat long ago.

But, Never Mined, Eh!

HUGH CARES.

"JOE"

By
Walker



TOMORROW

*The festive season now is o'er.
We turn again our face to war
From wine and song and fantasies
To grim potentialities.*

*From total war a moment snatched—
Although our foes a plot had hatched.
We paused, we prayed, we feel refreshed.
We go forth now to do our best.*

*Two years have gone—we don't forget,
We hear the cry of Nations yet.
The last war victims cry again;
Do we let them cry in vain?*

*They look to us, they point with pride,
They're even marching at our side;
So let us fight with might and main
For Peace, Goodwill on Earth again.*

*Our efforts must be greater yet,
If we our foes are to upset.
We know we must have "sweat and tears"
To be secure in future years.*

*So let our Resolution be
To fight and work in unity,
Our courage strong, our cause is right—
So let us onward . . . To the Fight!*

J. W. G.



ANY TIME IS A GOOD TIME TO
**SEND GIFT PARCELS TO
THE FOLKS OVERSEAS**

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38 HIGH ST. WEST

The Case-History of AC. Splodge

PART IV.

THE finger of Fate which always pointed menacingly at our hero now gave him another nasty dig in the ribs. It will be remembered how we left him, happily trundling his wheelbarrow; and we shall now consider the amazing complexity of events that led up to his losing it.

One day, early in the war, a Flight Lieutenant on administrative duties sat gazing moodily out of a window in Adastral House, H.Q. of the R.A.F. It would be an understatement to say that this gentleman (one Ponsonby-Throstlethwaite, or "Pieface" to his intimates) was depressed; he was positively "brassed". He thought longingly of all his friends, soaring the skies in Spitfire and Hurricane, and cursed again the imperfect health that kept him on the ground, wandering eternally through a maze of box-files and reams of silly paper. Glancing furtively around him and seeing nobody about, he eschewed those perfect manners with which he had graced many a social gathering, and dipped a biscuit in his tea; which temporary release of an inhibition served to cheer him momentarily. But having eaten in this manner both the biscuits allotted to him, he relapsed into his former mood.

"What shall I do next?" he murmured.

He continued to stare down at the little section of London that lay before him, and finally let his interest centre on the gang of men who, as usual, were digging a hole in the road. And as he watched them the inspiration came to him; one of the men was methodically filling a wheelbarrow with dirt from one side of the hole, taking it to the other side, emptying it, filling it again, taking it to the other side, emptying it, filling it, and so on, in the time-honoured manner of London labourers.

"Wheelbarrows," he thought, while an imp inside him laughed mischievously; "What's the silliest thing we could do with wheelbarrows?" There was a pause while the imp assumed an expression of mock-seriousness. Then "I've got it," he cried, "I've got it! 'Camouflage!'"

He seated himself at his desk and, selecting a pink memorandum form on which was written those sarcastic words, "Save Paper", penned the following:—

To the Director of Equipment and Internal Demands.

Sir,

After very careful consideration I am recommending that all barrows, wheel, common, should temporarily be taken out of service and camouflaged. It will need but a moment's thought to show the urgency of putting this measure into effect; when one reflects upon the number of uncamouflaged barrows, wheel, common, lying about it is almost frightening; how often, one may ask, have our most elaborate efforts to deceive the enemy reconnaissance been defeated by these blatantly obvious signs of activity?

I am afraid that no precedent is established for this measure but I am requesting that on so vital a question every effort should be made to reach a swift decision; should it be necessary, even by short-circuiting the claims and requirements of other departments which would normally need consideration before taking action.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

NIGEL PONSONBY-THROSTLETHWAITE,

Assistant Controller to the Director of Inter-Departmental Amity.

And having thus set the wheels in motion, Ponsonby-Throstlethwaite chorled happily and filled in an application for 14 days' leave; being quite certain that no one would ever, in the vast inverted pyramid of paper which would grow on the base of his little memorandum, notice who it was that started it all.

The correspondence which followed will now engage our attention.

From the Director of Equipment and Internal Demands.

To the Director of Camouflage and External Paintwork.

Dear Eggle,

I am sending you enclosed a memo, which I think has as much or more to do with your department as with mine; and I suggest we co-operate strongly on this matter. Old Gadsby's crowd is getting a bit out of hand, and I feel that this is a move which will set them back a bit, especially after their recent success in the dispute over the question of issuing bedsocks to the airmen.

Can you get away for lunch?

Yours,

CHARLES HORSINGHAM.

* * *

From the D. of C. & E.P.

To the D. of E. & I.D.

Dear Horse,

My feelings are in complete accord with yours on this matter, and I may say I am even a little surprised at our not having thought of it before. It is incidental oversights of this kind that, in the aggregate, go to create enormous gaps in the dyke, if you follow my meaning.

I shall join you at one-thirty; and meanwhile, you are assured of my full support in any moves you may care to make.

Yours,

EGBERT J. SYLLABUB.

• Continued on next page

THE CASE-HISTORY OF AC. SPLODGE

• Continued

From the D. of E. & I.D.
To the Controller of Casual Payments.
Sir,

It is recommended that immediate action be taken to ensure the camouflaging of all barrows, wheel, common, that are at the present time engaged on active service; and to ensure the issue in future of only such barrows, wheel, common, as have been so camouflaged.

Pending a final decision, we further suggest that all such implements be taken out of circulation, and no more permitted to go into circulation; a step which may appear to be somewhat drastic, but which we feel to be justified by the menacing nature of this loophole in our otherwise perfect system of defensive camouflage.

The Department of Camouflage and External Paintwork has given its full authority for this recommendation.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES HORSINGHAM.

* * *

To the D. of E. & I.D.
From the C. of C.P.
Sir,

I feel very strongly that, particularly in the light of the present economy drive, your suggestions regarding barrows, wheel, common, camouflaging of, are inappropriate, unconsidered, ill-timed, immature and entirely uncalled-for.

I suggest we let the whole thing drop.
I have the honour to be, etc., etc.,
HORATIO GADSBY.

P.S.—Copies of both letters have been sent to the D. of C. & E.P.

* * *

Note to the D. of E. & I.D.
From the D. of C. & E.P.
Dear Horse,

Old Gadsby's on the run all right. Keep up the good work.

EGBERT J. SYLLABUB.

* * *

To the Director of Accounts and Economic Stability.
From the D. of E. & I.D.
Sir,

I am sending you file HJW/72499/ap/17cqz, concerning barrows, wheel, common, camou-

flaging of, and would like to appeal to your superior authority in this connection. Perhaps you will approach the Controller of Casual Payments direct, and communicate the results to me?

I have the honour to be, etc., etc.,
CHARLES HORSINGHAM.

* * *

Note to the D. of C. & E.P.
From the D. of E. & I.D.
Dear Eggie,

I have opened a file.
Yours,
CHARLES HORSINGHAM.

* * *

To the C. of C.P.
From the D. of A. & E.S.
Sir,

The Director of Equipment and Internal Demands has afforded me the opportunity of perusing file HJW/72499/ap/17cqz.

After due deliberation, I have decided to add my authority to his and you may take the necessary action.

Incidentally, I consider the tone of your letter to be somewhat extravagant.

I have the honour, etc., etc.,
HERBERT SPROGGE.

* * *

To the D. of A. & E.S.
From the C. of C.P.
Sir,

In spite of the weight of numbers now gathering in favour of this proposal, I am still of the opinion expressed in the letter which you are pleased to call extravagant.

If necessary, I shall demand the appointment of a Board of Enquiry into the desirability (or otherwise) of this move.

I have the honour, etc., etc.,
HORATIO GADSBY.

* * *

To the D. of E. and I.D.
From the D. of A. & E.S.
Sir,

I am returning file HJW/72499/ap/17cqz, and would ask you to study the additional correspondence.

Although I am in full agreement with you on this matter, it is nevertheless always desirable to avoid unnecessary fuss; and if you could work out some compromise which would circumvent the Controller of Casual Payments' determination to hold out for a Board of Enquiry, I feel it would be more satisfactory for everybody. It is obvious, of course, that something must be done.

I have the honour, etc., etc.,
HERBERT SPROGGE.

* * *

Note to the D. of C. & E.P.
From the D. of E. & I.D.
Dear Eggie,

I am sending you the file so that you will be in a position to discuss this question at lunch.

Yours,
CHARLES HORSINGHAM.

* * *

From the D. of E. & I.D.
To the C. of C.P.
Sir,

Since writing to you I have had the opportunity of making personal contact with the Director of Camouflage and External Paint-

BUS DEPOT COFFEE BAR

We serve the finest home-cooked
meals and light lunches in town . . .

Also all kinds of Confectionery,
Magazines, etc.

THE CASE-HISTORY OF AC. SPLODGE

• *Continued*

work. As a result of our conversation we have now modified our policy to the extent of leaving in abeyance the question of withholding future issues of barrows, wheel, common, uncamouflaged, although we must still insist on the recall of those already issued and that an immediate start be made on the work of camouflaging them.

I trust that this concession will assist you in proceeding with the necessary authorization.

I have the honour etc., etc.,

CHARLES HORSINGHAM.

* * *

To the D. of E. & I.D.

(Copies to the D. of C. & E.P. and the D. of A. & E.S.)

From the C. of C.P.

Sir,

I fail to see where the concession comes in, and consider that, if anything, the scheme is now even more hare-brained than before.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

HORATIO GADSBY.

And so on, far into the ensuing days and weeks. Much though we would like to continue with samples of this correspondence, those two little stumbling blocks, Time and Space, will not permit it. We had better give a brief outline of subsequent events.

As time went on and the battle grew more and more furious, nearly every department in the Ministry became involved; even a little, impudent office-boy who had put a card on his desk, "Director of Glue and Pen-nibs," received an anonymous note asking him to state his attitude.

The atmosphere became pretty grim; at one time there were rumours that the Controller of Casual Payments had barricaded himself in and was successfully withstanding the onslaughts of Horse, Eggie, and Herbert Sprogge, but this was never officially confirmed.

The final victory went to the pro-camouflage party; at which point it became necessary for an A.M.O. to be drafted and sent out to all the aerodromes in Bomber, Fighter, Reconnaissance, Coastal and Training Commands. All the relevant (and most of the irrelevant) information was sent to the office of those mysterious men who devote their lives to making more obscure the already obscure instructions given to them. Here the docket fell behind somebody's desk, where it lay for a period of six months; a new dispute had arisen over the use of aircraft as emergency sleeping quarters, and no one had time to bother about the wheelbarrow question.

It needed a complete reorganization of the Ministry to bring it to light again; in the course of this reshuffle everybody moved from one office into another, with one or two overflow meetings in the corridors; and the mysterious men were once again reminded, by the accumulation of papers discovered behind their desks, that some things had been left undone. They stayed in, however, all one Saturday afternoon, and gave birth to an A.M.O. on the subject of wheelbarrows, which, for complexity, ambiguity, inconsistency, and general uselessness, has never been surpassed.

This historic document was eventually printed and circulated, extracts promulgated on the D.R.O.'s of all stations, and then mercifully forgotten.

Almost forgotten, that is; for one day, a man on Splodge's station found a copy of it lying on his desk.

Casually, he picked it up and began to read. After five minutes, he had mastered the first sentence; and he read on. Strange noises began to sound in his ears; little coloured lights swam and danced in his vision; he seemed as if transported. Now everything went dark; huge, nightmarish shapes loomed around him; and when, some time later, they picked him up off the floor, he was babbling ecstatically. "I have had the most beautiful vision of brightly coloured wheelbarrows."

But this man, alas, was one not easily daunted. When he recovered, he was still fired with a determination to master and, if possible, make sense of that A.M.O. Taking it very slowly, and never more than one sentence a day, he came at last to a brilliant decision.

"It means," he announced, proudly, "it means that in future all wheelbarrows are to be wheeled upside down, when not filled with paint."

There was no one to dispute with him; no one else could summon the courage to read the order, or would have had grounds to argue with him if they had read it; it could mean practically anything.

Weakened by his struggle with the beastly thing, his mind became obsessed by it; and inevitably, he ran into Splodge, wheeling his barrow in orthodox fashion. The sight enraged him.

"Do you never read orders?" he yelled.

"No, sir," said Theodore.

As he lay that night in his cell, under close arrest, Splodge was still wondering what had occasioned all this fuss over a wheelbarrow. If he had only known!

T.M.

The Old School Tie Swindle

I had noticed the tie every time I had occasion to visit Patterson and Walters, that reputable firm of private detectives in Holland Square. It hung on the wall in Patterson's office, and its glaring design immediately suggested school or club colours. One afternoon, our business satisfactorily concluded, Patterson and I had relaxed over cigars and coffee, and I thought the time opportune to enquire the story behind the tie, for I was sure there must be some purpose for it being there. I was not disappointed, for, as I asked the question, Patterson glanced up at the wall behind him and smiled.

"Yes," he answered, "there is a story behind it, and it concerns one of the most amazing swindles that ever came to light in London—no telling to what proportions the thing might have gone, had it not been spotted."

"Sounds interesting," I said, hopefully, for in all the years I had known Patterson, I had never heard him tell a story, and in his business he must have known hundreds.

"It all began by accident," continued Patterson, "and the chap concerned—let us call him Brown—did the whole thing himself. Brown was an intelligent fellow, and had aspirations to be an artist, but at the age of twenty-five the money ran out and he found himself thrown on his own resources with a few daubs and the suit he stood in.

"To him, it was a catastrophe, for although he had been far from wealthy he had had sufficient for all his needs, and he had always felt himself secure. The immediate necessity for cash forced him to try selling his paintings, none of which, he had to admit, were worth more than half-a-crown. After many attempts to sell them in a manner befitting his station, he eventually dropped so low as to try dispose of them from door to door, a practice which he loathed, and which quickly proved to be no more lucrative than his earlier efforts. On the third day of his status as a hawker, he wearily trudged up the drive of a suburban villa, and the door was answered by a young woman who gave the usual excuses for not wanting to purchase a landscape; but as he turned away, she gave a little gasp and said, 'Heavens—did you go to Uppington?

You've got my husband's old school tie on, y'know!'

"Brown, whose schooldays had been spent at a local Secondary School near his home, was rather taken aback, but thinking fast, managed to mutter, 'Well, I-er, as a matter of fact I did!' fingering his tie as he answered.

"'You poor thing,' cried the girl, 'my husband would be most upset if he realized an old Uppingtonian had been forced to sell paintings like this. Perhaps he was in your year—Charlton's the name.'

"At this, sensing some remuneration was coming, he ventured rather cautiously. 'I believe he was in the sixth when I was a very humble member of the third,' and then added rather brightly, 'we all thought him a splendid chap, quite decent to the juniors.'

"'Well, the least I can do is buy one of your paintings,' said the girl. 'Do come in and let me see what you have to sell. I must tell John about this, because I'm sure he'll be most upset.'

"The net result was that Brown sold two of his worthless canvases for six quid, and walked out of the house blessing the day some relation had presented him with an Uppington tie for Christmas. Truth to tell, he had never intended to wear it when it had been given to him, but circumstances had made it necessary for him to utilize all his assets, even at the expense of his good taste. The first thing he did was to have a good meal, and afterwards, strolling back to his meagre 'digs', he bought a bundle of old magazines for a few pence, as his only reading for several weeks had been discarded newspapers. Sitting in a chair in his room, he undid the parcel, and found to his disgust that it consisted mainly of school magazines, of no reading value to him at all. He promptly threw them on the floor and turned to the more interesting publications.

"As he began to tidy those he had scattered on the floor, the word 'Uppington' caught his eye, and curiosity bade him glance through its pages, the unusual incident of the afternoon being still fresh in his mind. Among the various articles, mainly devoted to school activities, there was a paragraph giving the names of boys just leaving

• Continued on page 24

Potted Personalities—No. 6



CORPORAL O. C. COOPER

*"They dressed him up in clothes of red,
And called him Santa Claus instead."*

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE SWINDLE

• Continued from page 22

school, and there at the top of the list was the name, 'John Charlton'—his indirect benefactor. This discovery made him glance at the date—1930—and slowly it dawned on him that here was a loophole. If only there were others in the magazine who were still living in London, the tie in his possession might help to sell more of his pictures. After a little thought, he extracted ten of the more unusual names from the list and went out to the telephone booth in the street. In the directory he found six of the names, and he made a note of the addresses.

"Next day he went out feeling brighter than he had done for months, and to his astonishment, met with much more success than he had anticipated. Five people out of the six recognized the tie, and although they did not all attempt to buy, he sold his remaining pictures for nine pounds. By the end of the day he had developed a technique—he would ring the bell, spring a hard luck story, and end up by fingering the tie—a perfectly natural action, especially by someone a little embarrassed, but at once drawing attention to the old school colors. In the solitude of his room once again, he did a good deal more hard thinking which ended in his looking at the other school magazines and extracting names, only this time the school was Elmhurst. Having no more pictures of his own to sell, he made a trip round the junk shops and picked up ten paintings for less than two shillings each, and then into a men's shop and purchased an Elmhurst tie. Again the scheme worked quite well, some offering him a meal and others money, and he ended up the second day with four pounds takings, and two good meals inside him, giving several hundred per cent. profit on his outlay.

"From then on it was easy, and he used his imagination as much as possible in order to keep sales going and avoid detection. He restricted himself to the hundreds of obscure private schools in and around London, where the fees are not so high, but snobbery flourishes, and, what was more to the point, whose old scholars were, for the most part, to be found living in the suburbs. He avoided the more famous schools, as this may have become a little risky, and he tried to call when the husband was

out in case awkward questions were asked, for the wives of the old boys hardly ever showed any knowledge of the school which their husbands attended, except they knew the colors, and were instilled with the importance of having been there. Also, there was no lack of addresses—they were obtainable from a number of publications, newspapers, and so on. Before very long, Brown found himself in possession of a tidy bank balance, his average takings amounting to five pounds a day. He did not overdo any school, but varied them from day to day. One day would find him a down and out, but never humble, member of Greystones; the next wearing the colours of St. Chad's, and so on."

"It all sounds incredible, yet highly feasible," I remarked, "but he must have been caught sooner or later."

"Oh yes, he was caught," replied Patterson, "and all the credit for that goes to a rather bright girl. This girl—let's call her Mary, shall we?—was dining out with a friend whose husband had attended Rookwood Grammar School, and was told a plaintive tale of an old 'Rook' who had fallen into bad times and was forced to sell his paintings from door to door. This was not suspicious in itself, but when a week later she heard the same story from the wife of an old boy of Harley Hall, she became definitely interested. Strangely enough, a few days later, she had a caller at her own flat—one she was renting from a friend on vacation—and to her there could be no doubt that this was the old boy in person, only this time he was not wearing either the Rookwood or Harley Hall colours. To appear true to form, she recognized the tie, and although not married and not having the slightest idea as to which school he was supposed to have attended, exclaimed, 'Goodness—you've got my husband's school tie on.'

"Brown fingered the tie nervously, grinned sheepishly, and stammered:

"'Well, I—er, as a matter of fact I did attend the Smithson Academy, but'—with a sigh—'those days seem very far away now.'

"'Do come in,' said the girl, and having ushered him inside, sat him down to a meal of bread and cheese, and made some excuse to get out to a telephone."

"I suppose she rang for the police," I said, "and that was that."

"That was her intention," replied Patterson, "but outside she fell to thinking.

• Continued on next page

Q 4 T

There's a breathless hush in the mess tonight,
A queue to feed and an empty bin;
Bedazzled cooks and a blinded "Flight,"
An hour to go and the last man's thin.

But it's not for the sake of a chevroned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a Mister's name,
But an airman's hand on his shoulder smote
"Tea up! Tea up!" and "what's the game?"

The plates of the mess are sodden red,
Red as a bottle of ruddy "coke";
The mincer's jammed and stale's the bread,
And the "erks" are blind with steam and smoke.

The well known queue has "bust" its banks,
And England's far! What a blooming shame!
When the cry of a Corporal steadies the ranks:
"Queue up! Queue up! or your number and name."

These are the queues which year by year,
While in its place this school is set,
Everyone of its "erks" must bear:
And those who bear it ne'er forget.

These they all with increasing doubt
Bear through years and years of strain;
Then, discharged, fling to "sprogs" behind,
"Join up! Join up! Queue up's the game!"

—A. L. W.

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE SWINDLE

• *Continued*

This chap could hardly be said to be a criminal—he didn't look like one—for after all, he only traded on the priggishness of people, and to prey upon a human weakness of that nature is hardly a crime. So she returned to Brown, sitting there in the kitchen and finding it hard going with the bread and cheese—he had already dined well at the nearby 'Corner House'—and laid her cards on the table.

"He was not surprised to hear the game was up, and was beginning to think himself lucky he had not been discovered by someone who held the honour of old Smithsonians in high respect, when Mary made her proposition."

"I thought there would be a catch somewhere," I laughed.

"But the proposition was a good one," continued Patterson. "Mary had a business of her own, but badly needed a man

to help her. What was more, she needed someone with a good head on his shoulders, and if Brown had the audacity to carry out the swindle, he was the very man for the job."

"And did he accept?" I asked.

"He did, and what was more, within six months the business had progressed by leaps and bounds. Also, in a year they were married."

"A very lucky man, if you ask me," I said, "but I don't quite see how you came to be interested in the case—you got no business out of it."

"On the contrary," replied Patterson, "I got all my business out of it. This agency was originally run by my wife."

—T. S. M. G.

—*—

Voice of Churchill, over the radio:
"Never have so many owed so much to so few. . . ."

Embarrassed fighter pilot to Mess at large: "He must be referring to our Mess bills."

No. 33 E.F.T.S. R.A.F. MAGAZINE

is proud to join the company
of R.A.F. Magazines in
Canada

—●—
**Our First Edition Will Be on Sale Feb. 1st.
Order Your Copy Now!**

REMEMBER 33

...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V

HIGH QUALITY

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FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!

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SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, SHOES
AT POPULAR PRICES

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CHRISTIE GRANTS
(Moose Jaw) Limited
MAIN STREET at RIVER STREET

...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V

Swan Song

This, my "Swan Song", as far as No. 32 is concerned, may not qualify for publication in the "Prairie Flyer"; it even may not reach the Editor in time for publication, but in any event my thoughts and wishes remain the same.

Some of you may have noticed that after the two and a half years I have had the honour to serve with the unit, I have been posted. To the best of my knowledge, as far as officers are concerned, my lengthy stay is only rivalled by F/Lieut. Rose, and only exceeded by F/Lieut. Barber, so that the posting, although not unwelcome (please do not mistake me), is a big wrench from many old friends in the unit.

Since June, 1939, the types of aircraft at the school have changed; the personnel is always changing, but, nevertheless, the "sausage machine" has always delivered the goods, and nearly always ahead of time (do not get the impression that this was not the case before I joined!). Anyway, now that No. 32 is firmly rooted in Canada, the "sausages" are more prolific than ever.

Of course, the majority of you have a yearning to go "home", and I will not preach, but remember this—you might very easily be in a very much worse place than Moose Jaw and doing a very much less useful job than you are now doing. (That even goes for the A.C.

Plonk who makes the tea and does "other things.")

I remember when it was first rumoured that the school was to be moved to Canada, some of us looking at a map to find Moose Jaw, and remarking that it would be "just our luck" to be posted to "a place like that". It was "our luck" to be posted to the place so aptly referred to as the "Friendly City of the Prairies." Some of you who have

not seen so much of Canada as I have, may take it from me that it is difficult to find another city where the citizens make one so welcome and so "at home" immediately as do the citizens of Moose Jaw.

Well, I am no author, so with these few words I must conclude:

To the C.O.—*Au revoir* and thank you, Sir.

To the Officers—Cheerio, chaps.

To the N.C.O.'s—I'll meet you in the "Puffin" one day.

To the A.C. Plonks—Cheer up, my lads, "bless" 'em all.

To Moose Jaw—Thank you for having me.

And to you all my very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

CHARLES DRAPPER,
Squadron Leader, R.A.F.

Montreal, 9/12/41.

This article arrived too late to be included in the last issue, but it is printed now, although, in some respects, it is no longer topical.—Ed.

THEME SONG



—Suggested by L/AC Broadhurst

PROUD of its history — jealous of its reputation — JOYNER'S LTD., the home-owned store in the city of Moose Jaw, plans and follows a definite policy of looking ahead to keep ahead — positively determined to maintain its reputation for always selling good merchandise at fair, moderate prices. JOYNER'S are fair, honest and friendly with customers — true in their advertising — considerate and just in all their dealings, both with their employees and with the buying public. This is JOYNER'S LTD., the store in Moose Jaw that has rightly earned the title of "the friendly store in the friendly city."

JOYNER'S

LIMITED

DANCE

at

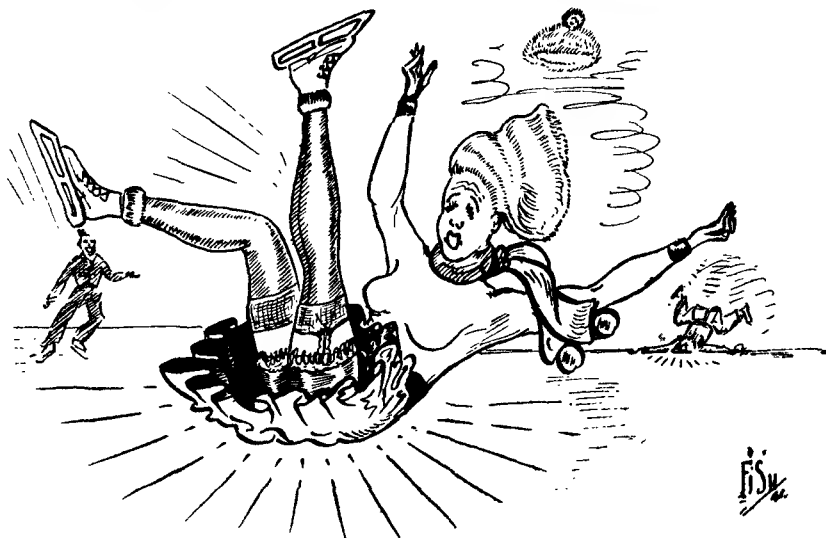
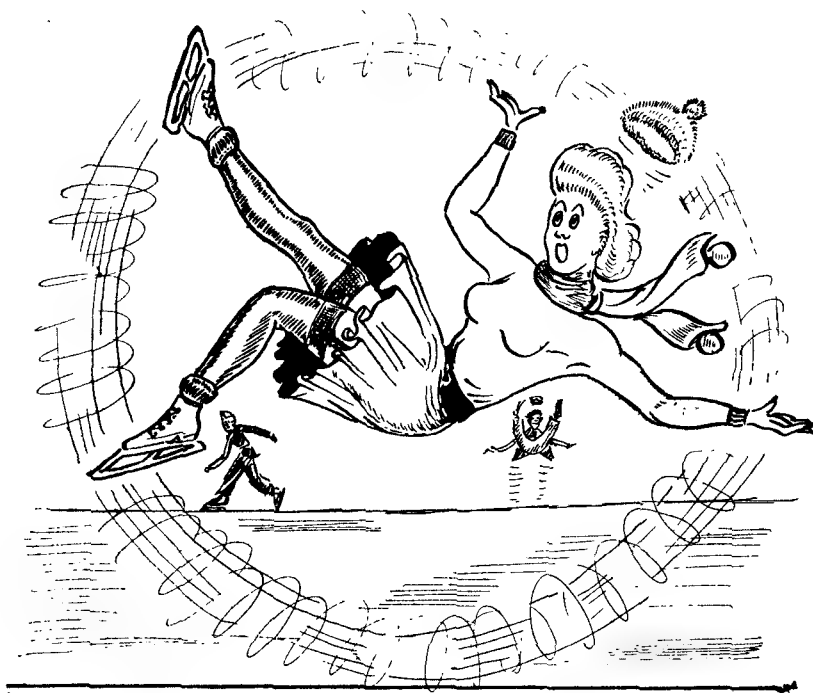
Temple Gardens

"AIR CONDITIONED"

TUESDAY	-	-	-	-	-	Waltz Night
FRIDAY	-	-	-	-	-	Ye Olde Tyme Dance
SATURDAY	-	-	-	-	-	Week End Hop

CHEERIO!

Technical Terms Illustrated



CIRCUITS AND BUMPS

A NEW ORDER FOR 1942



“—Heel Hitler!”

For 1942 You cannot do better than continue
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**Connaught Billiard
Hall**

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If You Don't Know the Place
LOOK FOR THE SIGN—CORNER MAIN AND HIGH STS.

ALL AIRMEN ALWAYS WELCOME

Roll Up! Roll Up!

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by

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The Handsome, Golden Voiced Salesman, and now
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of the

SUKKI TUPP VACUUM CLEANER CO.

The new 1942 “SUPER SNEEZER” Model Equipped
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Lawn Mower Action. When not in use, reverse
current and use as Hair Drver.

Any finish . . . Old School Colours Our Speciality.

NOISELESS! CONVENIENT!
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Suite “H”, R.A.F. Mansions (2 Blocks East of Blore’s Cafe,
opposite Sergeants’ Saloon—knock three times
and say Joe sent you).

06.30 Hours — Any Day.

+ — — — —

LADIES!

Why pay servants to ruin your carpets—
ruin them yourself on the instalment plan.
Reduce the pile on your carpets to a
minimum!

MEN!

Buy a SUPER SNEEZER and do away with the wife!

+ — — — —

Added Attraction!

With each cleaner sold we are giving—ABSOLUTELY FREE
—a booklet, “How to Win the War”, or “Matchstick Man-
oeuvres”, by Dusty Bakdormat of the Royal Air Farce.

Goering, Venici, and Isaacs, Manufacturers, Hamburg, Ill.

“THERE’LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND”

C.O.'s Trade Test



—Photo by Cpl. T. P. Woodward.

**Group Captain C. E. H. James, M.C., carves
the Christmas Turkey**

FEBRUARY, 1942

C.O. RE-MUSTERS

C.O. / C. & B.

Christmas Day, No. 32 S.F.T.S.—Entering into the festive spirit with right good will, Group Captain C. E. H. James, M.C., Officer Commanding, passed his trade test with flying colours at the Christmas Dinner given to airmen here (see special photograph on opposite page). Wielding a nifty knife, and not in the least perturbed by the close attention paid by Examining Officer Flying Officer D. S. Rapson, "Groupy" sliced the turkey with consummate grace and skill as over 200 pairs of eyes looked on hungrily.

Group Captain James proposed a toast to Flight Sergeant Blore and his Merry Gentlemen (who had worked wonders in their "grub palace"), to the people at home, and wished all at No. 32 the very best for Christmas and New Year.

Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s waltzed round in the roles of waiters in a manner that made ACH/BW's curl up and emulate beets, and all in all, personnel at No. 32 had an extremely happy and plentiful Christmas.

Royal Couple's Mysterious Visit

Once again Moose Jaw hits the headlines of the London dailies and again it seems as though someone has been "shooting a line."

Says one London newspaper (received recently) referring to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's stop-over at Moose Jaw, "the crowd was so thick at Moose Jaw that the Royal couple had great difficulty in making their way to the Royal Air Force Station outside the city."

We seem to have missed something, chaps. Or have we? It is well known that journalists are apt to romance at times, but we did not realize that they

U.S. Mail Mystery Solved

Funnies Story

S.H.Q., December—Bulky parcels, arriving from U.S.A. with monotonous regularity, puzzled the postal staff here. The parcels were addressed to a certain Flight Lieutenant A&SD in Headquarters. Sabotage was first suspected, then discounted. The parcels were oblong and fairly thick. Could it be hooch smuggled in? That was unlikely.

Claimed one day, a parcel was sneaked furtively away by the owner and his office door closed. Our daring reporter, however, crept up surreptitiously, and a spot of key hole peeping disclosed the truth. Flight Lieutenant — was in raptures reading American coloured funnies, the news sections of the papers discarded. Well!

Och aye, Jock!

Entertainment

We desire to announce for your future entertainment, a new Entertainments Officer, in the person of P/O. A. Carswell, who, like C. B. Cochran, is combining Sport with the Theatre. It is rumoured that he intends to do things in a big way, and that his first commission is a journey to England to trade "Circuits and Bumps" for the chorus girls from "Evergreen!"

The Station is fortunate in that it has secured the services of another Scot to

• Continued on page 37

could stretch their imagination four miles.

If this keeps up we'll be famous when (?) we go back and we will have a difficult time trying to convince people that everything that is said to happen out here is not quite true.

Revue Huge Success

"Circuits and Bumps"

"Circuits and Bumps," the first revue to be produced at this station, resulted in the Recreation Hall being packed out for all three performances (on December 16th, 17th and 18th).

This very bright show was produced by F/O Dobree-Bell, who besides taking part in several of the scenes, acted as compère. He is to be congratulated on the results of his efforts.

"The First Detail" got under way with the Troubadours (Sgt. Wood, LAC. Slack, LAC. Savage, LAC. Kosky and LAC. Whiteford, singing "Happy Days Are Here Again," and introduced "The Adorables"—six very young ladies whose dance routines were arranged by Mrs. Lillian Stevens.

The best of several comedy sketches, "The Man Servant," featured W/Cdr. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison, with Corpl. Cooper taking the name part. W/Cdr. Morrison also appeared with S/Ldr. Negus, F/Lt. Hibberd and F/O. Dobree-Bell in a Quartette which ended somewhat drastically for the participants. Instrumental numbers were given by the "Harmoniacs" and LAC. Welch (piano accordion), and LAC. Gus Walker contributed one of his George Formby impressions. "East Side, West Side," the first of three nicely contrasted numbers was danced by Miss Georgina Stevens, and F/O. T. Sleight; the other two dances by this pair were "Bolero" and "Song of India," which also interpolated "Pale Hands I Love," sung by Sgt. Wood. LAC. Firth, in the monologue "Sam in the R.A.F.," related how this intrepid Yorkshireman "did his bit" in a manner that far outshone "Superman."

No revue seems complete without a guest artist; the visitor in this instance was "Mordini," a member of No. 33 E.F.T.S., quartered here prior to moving out to Caron. "Mordini," not content with demonstrating some neat conjuring on the stage, invaded the audience and

Town and Camp Patrol with Sooper Snooper

There's a certain airman dealing with quite a bit of his correspondence in camp since his wife arrived in Moose Jaw. Clap hands, good old Charlie! Or maybe he prefers typing letters to writing them?

My hat off to that blonde-haired bombshell and rotund heavyweight recently seen on a jaunt with the fairer sex after a long spell of hibernation. Zay zons, I zeenya the other night!

What do you think of an airman who tries to cut in on another chap's girl

• Continued on page 37

performed his most effective trick standing amid "the stalls."

Mrs. Morrison and F/Lt. Hibberd appeared in a brief but hilarious sketch entitled "Account Rendered," and the two other sketches in "The Second Detail" were essentially topical, the mainstay of both being Corpl. Cooper. "These Foolish Things" showed a rather green "goon" (F/O. Dobree-Bell) being enlightened on various aspects of Love, Life and the R.A.F. by a much travelled "erk" (Corpl. Cooper). In "The Cook-house scene, Corpl. S. Skelding, LAC. Greatorex and (of course!) Corpl. Cooper, revealed what *might* happen if the Mincer was U/S for any length of time.

The Finale brought all the artistes back to the stage while Sgt. Wood sang "Lords of the Air."

The Revue Orchestra, conducted by Sgt. W. Lucas, was augmented by an Orgatron played by Vernon Boys, whose solos on this novel instrument were outstanding.

Special credit is due to LAC. Sumner for his backdrops, and also to all those hidden helpers who performed so ably behind the scenes.

With so much talent at large, let's hope that "Circuits and Bumps of 1942" will not be long forthcoming.

—S. A. M. E.

FEBRUARY, 1942

PIONEER SPIRIT AT 32

Erk-Luckigirl Nuptials

Airman Weds

(By Our Own Correspondent)

Moose Jaw, Sask.—An unusual wedding took place on Friday last at the Church of His Uncle's, High St., when AC. 2. one G.C.B. 9d. a day progressive pay, Claude Erk was married to Clotis Luckigirl of this city.

The groom, the son of Mrs. and the late Mr. P. Erk of the Glasgow Public Health Department (dustman) was released from "Jankers" especially for the ceremony, and was tastefully attired in Service Uniform (Best Blue).

The bride, practically unattired in a skin-tight alabaster creation (loaned by Messrs. Join Ups) from which draped bunches of mangoes, hanging in loose fashion, wore a spectacular "V" on her left shoulder and a metallic lock-nut, a gift from the groom, on her bosom. Her train was carried by Brakeman Casey Jones of the C.P.R., a very distant relation.

The bride's mother wore a beaming smile; the fact that this was her fifth and last daughter to be married, probably accounted for this.

The whole family assisted in giving the bride away—(no wonder!).

Miss Pamela Larkin, a friend of the bride and a former pupil of the Lockjaw Dancing Academy, sang "Absence" while everybody else was in the vestry.

After the ceremony all the invited guests and numerous hangers-on repaired to the Hotel Locale Emporium (ground floor and mezzanine—officers only) for a wedding breakfast.

Miss Nogood and Mrs. Myrtle Gugenheimer (Aryan) poured out tea—nobody knew why.

The Misses Stella, Pauline and Sophia Barmaid drew the corks from the bottles, while Mrs. Mata Hari and Mrs. Hari Matta, sisters, peeled oranges and alter-

"Bill Cody's" Pony Express

The pony express system has been revived again only this time, instead of being Bill Cody's Pony Express, it can be termed "Shanks's Pony."

The band of hardy airmen who carry out this service are to be commended on their devotion to duty for, no matter what the weather outside, the runs leave to schedule (or shortly after) true to the old Bill Cody spirit. In fact, their motto is "The mail must go out!"

Go into the Central Registry any day about 09.30 hours and you will see great activity as the Runners prepare to face the elements and maybe "death by starvation" on the wastes between Headquarters and the Watch Office, their first clocking point.

Round (or should we say Run) No. 1 leaves dead on time (sometimes) to be followed shortly by Round No. 2 and from that time onwards until they report back again these "pioneers" carry on with "zealous conscientiousness" the true principle of the pony express of the days of the Wild and Woolly West—get through at all costs.

At least, when our Special Correspondent interviewed these "He-men" that is what he was told, but we have strong suspicions that the main incentive to duty is not tradition but the cups of tea they manage to "scrounge" at their various "stops".

nately manicured their nails. The rest of the guests were by this time thoroughly browned off, and proceeded to fish out their own sandwiches, at the same time surveying the amazing array of presents: a bucket of coal from the Dodge Coal Co., a large 28-lb. tin of Ovaltine (prevents night starvation), twenty-eight toast racks, 2 dozen cruets, a tin of floor polish and a mop (a gift to the slug

• Continued on page 37

THOMSON'S DRUG STORE

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LAURA SECORD CANDIES

KODAKS AND CAMERA SUPPLIES

Jas. H. Thomson Limited

Corner Fairford and Main Streets

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at . . .**

MOOSE JAW'S
NEWLY
REMODELLED

**Hotel
Churchill**

MAIN STREET
OPP. C.P.R. DEPOT

GIFTS . . .

We carry the largest stock in
the city of English China,
Dinnerware and Novelties. . .
Visit our Gift Department and
make your selection.

—◆—
*THE HOUSE OF
FINE TOOLS*
—◆—

MECHANICS', CARPENTERS'
AND POWER TOOLS

**Whimster's
Hardware**

*There's Always
a Welcome
at . . .*

The
MILK BAR

TOWN AND CAMP PATROL

with Sooper Snooper

● Continued from page 34

friend. swipes a photo of her (without her permission and against her wishes) and shoots a hefty line—and all awry at that—about his intimate friendship with said lass? That's what I think, too—and so do certain M.T. lads!!

The pukka Romeo of the above Moose Jaw Juliet is in a bit of a pickle, too. She started to knit him a sweater some three months ago—it's just come into being now. Does "Mum" get the laughs—and does that Flight Mech. (A) try to worm in by hook or by CROOK. But don't let her try to pull the wool over your eyes, son.

No. 2 Squadron, Christmas time—"Rejoice.—Hic — Rejoice — Hic — Rejoice —Hic — Hic — z-z-z-z-zz!!"

I hear that a certain W.O. is considering changing his religion—leastways it was rumoured that he was heard muttering "Allah — Allah!" as he demonstrated certain P.T. exercises to airmen, his posture at the time being very timely, if not graceful.

I feel sorry for the armourer who was hitched recently. They say he dashes down to the bus stop every night at 23.49 hours through sheer force of habit. Of course he'll probably deny this.

Flight Sergeant Blore had a day off recently. Boy! did that mincing machine ever gleam brightly next day!

Frost bitten! His week-end pass to Regina was stopped. She spent it all alone.

Talk about shooting lines. One airman is Rex of them all. He used to work in the Officers' Mess. He still Harps on a wizard line of guff to the gullibles in Moose Jaw. Heard his latest? I haven't enough space here—but you'll find out.

Ask a certain recently promoted Sergeant how he got such a lovely black eye at Christmas. He says it was at a party —boys!

ERK - LUCKIGIRL NUPTIALS

● Continued from page 35

happy couple from the groom's comrades), a Slumber mattress (silent type), some old newspapers, and a travelling case—these were outstanding amongst numerous other gifts.

The wedding cake of five tiers (a gift from the Prairie Iron Foundry) was eventually cut with a hacksaw blade by the bride, and pieces liberally distributed to the Poor Persons' Winter Relief—the guests did not appear interested.

Officiating at the ceremony were Pastor Save-All and the Reverend Sergeant Major T-Total, who, it is regretted to say, as a result of the diligence of the Mesdames Barmaid, were so overcome by the fumes from the bottles that they eventually had to be carried out.

The completion of the ceremony is rather hazy in the mind of the reporter, but it is conceded that the bride and groom eventually left (but not much) and have every honest intention of trying to exist in Lock-Jaw.

Frequent changes of address are anticipated.

High note of the affair was the presentation to all the female guests, by the bride's mother, of small calendars for the current year. Probably this had some connection with the amazing "V" worn on the left shoulder on the bride's dress.

—Z.

Husbands, we are told, are of three varieties. Prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes?

ENTERTAINMENT

● Continued from page 33

carry on the good work of F/Lt. Carfrae, (Bagpipes, please!) Like a true Scot, he intends that the first show should be a benefit performance to meet the cost of deficiencies due by his forerunner, and to provide a fund for preservation of the Haggis which will be hunted, shot and eaten with great ceremony on January 25th.

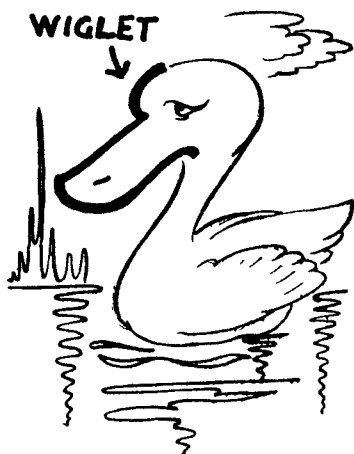
*Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her grateful prayer,
Gie her a Haggis.*

New Competition—"Wiglets"

An example is given of a "Wiglet", showing how it has been added to with a few strokes of the pen to make it look like a duck (or does it?). Another "Wiglet" appears in the next space. Now take your pen and see what you can make of it.

Send your entries to the Editor to arrive before the 31st January, being sure to mark the envelope "Wiglet".

Prizes will be given and the winning entries will be published.



NOW TRY THIS ONE



WITHOUT COMMENT

"Since the Kremlin's abrupt recognition of the pro-Nazi government in Iraq, it has been a foregone conclusion that Soviet Russia will become a full fledged member of the Axis, in fact and probably in name."—(J. R. Tunis, writing in "Esquire.")

Small Daughter: "Oh, Mummy, I've got such an ache."

Mother: "Where, dear?"

Small Daughter: "Oh, in the proper place, of course!"

School Ma'am: "Can any boy here explain the difference between prose and poetry?"

John (after much thought): "Yes, Miss. It's like this:

"There was a youth named Eric Rees,
Who waded in the water up to his ankles.

"This," he explained, "is prose; but if he had gone in a few inches further it would have been poetry."

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 5

P	R	A	I	R	I	E		R	A	F
L		L		O		S	W	E	L	L
O	I	L	B	U	T	T		T	O	Y
T	R	I		T	H	E	C	A	N	E
S	E	T	S		Y	E	L	L	E	R
		E	W	E		M	A	I		
S	P	R	I	N	G		W	A	S	P
T	R	A	M	M	E	L		T	E	A
R	O	T		I	N	I	T	I	A	L
A	V	E	R	T		M		O		E
Y	E	S		Y	E	A	R	N	E	R

The prize of \$1.00 for the first correct solution opened has been awarded to:

CPL. H. C. PRIOR

"L" Block

32 S.F.T.S.

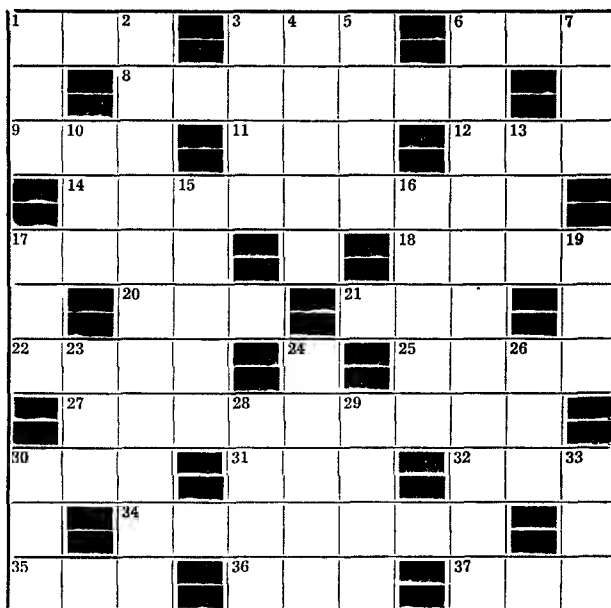
Crossword Competition No. 6



The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before 31st January, 1942.

"The Prairie Flyer,"
No. 32 S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw.

marking the envelope "X-word."



Clues Across

1. Knock.
3. Friend.
6. Shake, funny fellow.
8. Learned.
9. Part of 2 down.
11. Edge.
12. Piggery.
14. A refund around a short paid player for a nasty person.
17. Italian.
18. Animal known to stock markets.
20. Tear.
21. Hill.
22. Part of 2 down.
25. 32 S.F.T.S. is a this of the R.A.F.
27. Insect, curve and twitch for cold part.
30. Water.
31. French King.
32. This and 36 give us the Upper House.
34. Playhouse.
35. Article of men's wear.
36. See 32 (also part of 2 down).
37. Moisture.

3. Sound of content.

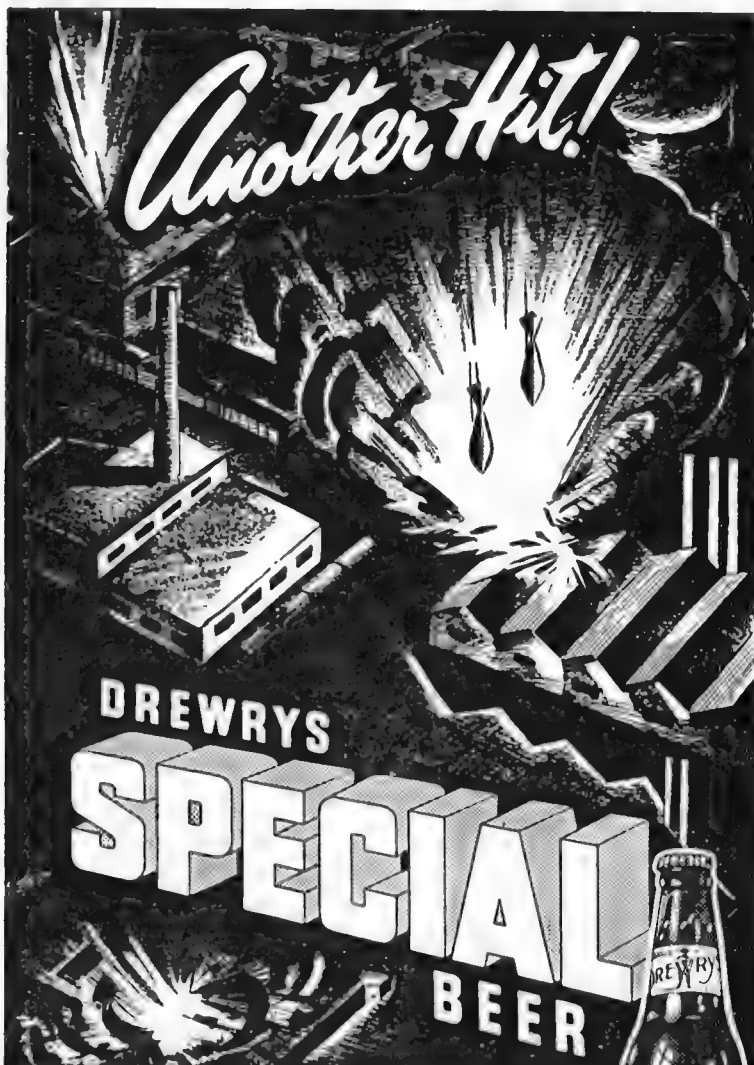
4. Farewell!
5. Arm.
6. "Inserted Sew" (anagram).
7. Happy.
10. Age.
13. Jumbled 36 across.
15. Indicate without second letter would be a measure.
16. Around, a fight.
17. Put this before it and you'll have a unit.
19. Balderdash.
23. Girl's name.
24. European.
26. Lots of this in 27 across.
28. Space.
29. Quote.
30. Rest.
33. Novel.

Name

Address

Clues Down

1. This top for best.
2. "Greater Pine" (anagram).



Another Hit!

DREWRY'S
SPECIAL
BEER

Brewed and aged to the peak of perfection, Drawrys "Special," the BETTER beer, hits the spot every time. You'll know when you...

Switch to Special

DREWRY'S REGINA LTD. SASKATCHEWAN'S BEER SPECIALISTS
 "Where Only Beer is Brewed"



SPORTS CHATTER

Emerson said "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of Emperors ridiculous." If we have health we have an abundance of wealth and a basketful of happiness. So, let's make a New Year Resolution: "To be healthy and strong." Strength through joy (and what joy!) is yours for the asking. We will show you how to get rid of that Xmas pudding. We have no option—all personnel must undergo Physical Training . . . "to enable them to endure the stress and strain of active operations." Most of us feel the stress and strain of these active operations in the Drill Hall, but, lest we forget, this is "Total War" and we are the victims.

A little P.T. and some regular recreation is the ideal for keeping fit. Most people indulge in some sort of pastime, but not all of us participate in organised games. There is no lack of opportunity, as the Sports Section provides ample scope. For those who feel the urge, there is keen competition afforded by



the Station Basketball League. After the Xmas holidays the lads were itching to resume the games. It is second only in popularity to Soccer. Some people think it is a "sissy" game, but played properly, it gives good scope for skill, and makes for honest sweat. At the time of writing "Miscellaneous" are "topliners", but S.H.Q. are barking at their heels. Will they manage to "pull the pants" off this Miscellaneous crowd? We will know ere long, as the schedule will be concluded by the end of January. A knock-out tournament will then be started. I can see the sparks flying. Then there is Tennis and Badminton (when the Drill Hall is free) and a Boxing class in the Station Cinema. We would like to see more "punch" in this.

Who said "Ice Rink"? Somebody gave us this baby to hold and it's turning out to be a real problem child too. We were promised all sorts of fun and games, but so far we have had little fun and plenty of games—"hard games", especially late at night. Somewhere in Shakespeare it is said, "If you can place your hand in

a ball of fire and think of the frosty Caucasus, you'll be immune from pain." We thought we were in Hell, and we were! No—it's no easy job keeping an ice rink clean and free from trouble. Humps and bumps have haunted "Rinkie". She's "for ever blowing bubbles." When we tried to burst them and soothe her troubled breast, she developed a surface like the Mountains of Mourne. And the "Rink Rats": We always thought they were handy men to have around, but when it comes to help, we are reminded of Old Mother Hubbard's bare cupboard. Yes, it is one thing to see your road, and another to cut it. Lack of labour is a problem which can only be overcome by voluntary aid. It's up to each and every one of us to assist in making the ice-rink what we should like it to be.

There has been little Hockey so far. Inconsistent ice and inclement weather have inconvenienced us no end. All of our teams have played a few games. The Sergeants and the Airmen have



**For Throat Easy
Mildness—Smoke**

**Buckingham
Cigarettes**

Sports Chatter

• Continued

given a good account of themselves so far and the Officers have at least proved themselves popular with the opposition. The "Pee Wees" are after their blood. Lack of kit, mainly, has hindered the starting of a Station competition, but that now we have more gear a tournament to embrace all will be organized.



—†—
And now to bask in the sunshine for a little.

This is a "pipe-dream" which may, or may not materialise. A novel scheme, which we have under consideration at present, has been proposed for the Spring or early Summer. It is an ambitious and colourful one, but there are some snags—the main one is expense. It would be a grand stunt if we could have a Soccer tour. There is no harm in speculating, and this is the time to deliberate on such a project. The Sports Officer would welcome observations and suggestions.

No doubt you will all be interested to know that a general programme and Sports policy, covering the award of prizes, etc., has been mapped out.

In Winter we intend to have Basketball, Badminton, Boxing, Tennis, Skating and Ice Hockey, etc., and, of course, some of these will be seasonable all the year round. In the Spring, Summer and Autumn, Football will predominate, with Rugby, Cricket, Golf, Swimming and General Athletics. Other games

may be introduced from time to time, but those mentioned will provide our main platform.

The City of Moose Jaw Trophy will be at stake for Inter-Section competition for such meetings as Sports Day, Swimming Gala, and at all other times where there is representative competition within the Station. Team prizes will be awarded for Soccer and Basketball League winners, as also for the Knock-out finalists, i.e., winners and runners-up in each of these games. There will be individual prizes for organised competitions, both for singles, doubles, and teams, covering all the other games specified.

Indoor Bowling and Curling have been brought to our notice but it is questionable if there is a sufficient number interested in these games to make it worthwhile organising sections from the Station. It depends entirely on the response—let's hear what you think about it.

—†—
Who is this LAC. Lloyd? He is none other than one of our own lads from "32", who, unheralded and unsung, took off to town one night to shoot down Canada's Chess Champion. We are proud of his prowess.



A. CARSWELL.

—†—
A flea met a fly in a flue.
Said the flea, "What on earth shall we do?"
Said the flea, "Let us fly,"
Said the fly, "Let us flee,"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Station Basketball League

AS AT 5/1/42

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against	Points
Miscellaneous	8	7	1	0	185	59	15
*S. H. Q.	7	6	0	1	178	61	12
Repairs	8	5	1	2	147	65	11
Majors	8	4	1	3	122	126	9
Airmen's Mess	8	4	1	3	88	114	9
Linky Dinks	7	4	0	3	85	99	8
*Blotters	9	3	2	4	104	112	8
E. & F. Flights	7	3	0	4	78	81	6
Stores	7	1	2	4	73	80	4
*Penpushers	7	2	0	5	65	145	4
*Accounts	8	2	0	6	50	135	4
*Minors	6	0	0	6	37	135	0

*NOTE.—C. & D. Flights withdrawn from League. All games played by them have been disregarded.



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OF MOOSE JAW

The S.W.O. was making an unexpected tour of inspection on his own. He marched briskly into the Guard Room and the solitary occupant sprang smartly to attention.

"Where's the Sergeant of the Guard?" asked the S.W.O.

"Gone to the Mess, sir," was the reply.

"Oh, and where's the sentry?" demanded the S.W.O.

"He's gone to the Canteen, sir," replied the airman.

"Great Scott! And who the 'ell are you man, anyway?"

"I'm the prisoner they're guarding, sir."

Moose Jaw Times-Herald

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MOOSE JAW - - SASK.



Interesting statistics are now available concerning the activities of the Y.M.C.A., both in Canada and Newfoundland and Overseas.

At the time of writing, figures show that the Y.M.C.A. is operating in 435 centres at home and in Newfoundland, while in the British Isles a thousand centres are visited, in 77 of which the "Y" is playing a large part.

Writing paper is supplied free of charge to men in uniform, and in Canada alone, enough paper is distributed every month, which, if piled one sheet upon another, would build a stack as high as the Bank of Commerce Building in Toronto (said to be the tallest building in the British Empire). This huge quantity represents some three million sheets or more.

The Canadian Y.M.C.A. provides free movies which, by means of 140 separate

programmes, entertains 66,000 men weekly. This entails the use of 1,100 miles of film weekly, and the payment of \$80,000 yearly to cover the cost of rentals.

R.A.F. Schools have recently opened at Caron and Weyburn, and at both these centres, with winter conditions upon them, the men have found the Y.M.C.A. there with programmes of games and entertainment, and the much needed canteens.

When the detachments of Canadian soldiers left for Hong Kong, they took with them Mr. George Porteous as Y.M.C.A. Supervisor. Wherever the Forces go, War Service Supervisors go too, to help keep the morale high and the Spirit strong.

ERIC WALLING,
Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.



Y.M.C.A. MOTION PICTURE SCHEDULE

Friday, January 16
Sunday, January 18
Friday, January 23
Sunday, January 25
Friday, January 30
Sunday, February 1
Friday, February 6
Sunday, February 8
Sunday, February 15

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE"
"BEHIND THE HEADLINES"
"CYPHER BUREAU"
"THERE GOES MY HEART"
"FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY"
"LONG SHOT"
"PANAMA PATROL"
"THE GREAT GUY"
"RIDING ON AIR"

NOTE.—This is not a complete schedule. None of the Tuesday night film titles are available at time of going to press, neither are all the titles available for the Friday night showings—two are missing. The programmes not announced now will be announced later through other channels.